97-84063-11

Hutton, Maurice

The university in war and peace

[n.p.]

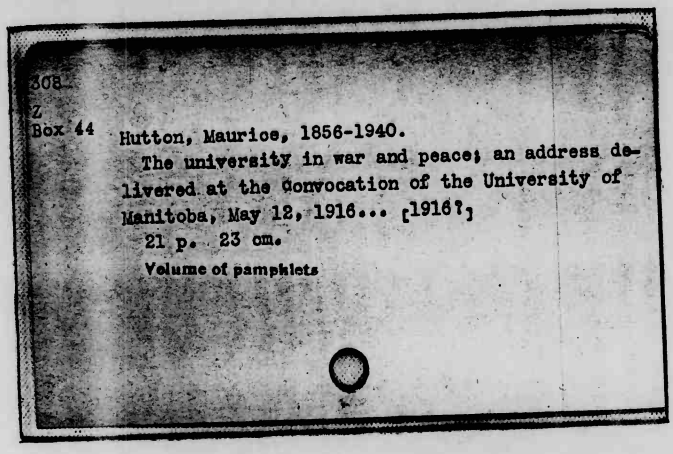
[1916?]

97-84063-11
MASTER NEGATIVE #

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
PRESERVATION DIVISION

BIBLIOGRAPHIC MICROFORM TARGET

ORIGINAL MATERIAL AS FILMED - EXISTING BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD



RESTRICTIONS ON USE: Reproductions may not be made without permission from Columbia University Libraries.

TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

FILM SIZE: 35mm REDUCTION RATIO: 11:1 IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA (IIA) IB IIB

DATE FILMED: 4-3-97 INITIALS: RB, VLB

TRACKING # : 20950

FILMED BY PRESERVATION RESOURCES, BETHLEHEM, PA.

B07

Gift of the President

THE UNIVERSITY IN WAR AND PEACE

308
2
Box 44

AN ADDRESS

Delivered at the Convocation of the University of Manitoba

MAY 12, 1916

By

MAURICE HUTTON, M.A., LL.D.

Principal of University College

University of Toronto

THE UNIVERSITY IN WAR AND PEACE

The present year is scarcely an auspicious occasion for the convocation of a University. Our world has fallen to pieces, the academic world most of all. The Divine Irony, which to the imagination of ancient Greece, always chooses the hour when man is most confident of his peace and happiness, for his overthrow and his banishment from his fool's paradise, selected the summer of 1914, when Canada's century as *we* call it,—in Germany they call it Germany's century—was well begun, when Peace Societies and International Polity Clubs were in full swing on this continent, when, even in conservative Great Britain, responsible statesmen were protesting that no European war could again deflect Great Britain's peaceful course of social betterment, when every man sensitive to the American spirit—whether he kicked against its pricks or frankly welcomed them—felt in his bones that soldiering was not merely a lost art on this continent, but a buried bogey, that war was not merely dead but damned,—the Divine Irony selected that summer to show man how little he knows of himself or of his world. And in less than a fortnight Canada's century was baptised, but in blood: and the students of this University and of all Canadian Universities, the young men who best express the very essence of Canadianism and Americanism, who are, so to speak, very Canada of very Canada, its natural voice, begotten not made, were enlisting for service over seas, and some already, finding themselves in Europe on their holidays, had enlisted and had forsworn all holidays: in some cases for ever.

Nine months of war passed and the University convocations of 1915 came round with khaki for academic gowns and with degrees *in absentia* to men in the trenches:

men already perhaps somewhat indifferent to the frills and luxuries of education and of Arts Courses, to the frivolous or feminine vanities of civilization: to men, some of whom had graduated already by a man's death, beyond the reach of academic baubles.

Vulnera perpessus contraria versus in hostem.

And now a second war-convocation has come round and the khaki is more conspicuous than ever, and yet less conspicuous to the eyes than in fact, because it has absorbed many of the graduating class and taken them away already. And the Universities of Canada are frankly confronting a session next autumn which will be like the sessions of Oxford and Cambridge and Aberdeen; a session when they will become almost in fact though not in name, for the time being, women's colleges.

What is to be said then at such an abnormal Convocation: at a Convocation which seems to postpone almost unconsciously all academic controversies to a more convenient season, which seems to adjourn for another year or two years all the platitudes and beatitudes of University life and artificial civilization: which seems to suggest only one thought, "what is the use of thought and learning, of learned men or students, at an hour like this when this and every land almost shouts aloud for the only three things necessary to its salvation, soldiers, mechanics and farmers: men to fight, men to prepare munitions for the fighters, men to grow food for the munition makers and the fighters"? What is a University at the moment but a fool's paradise or an anchorite's cell, an artificial cloister of the sheltered life, an exotic orchid of a hot-house civilization?

Has not the war in fact brought with it a return to human nature in all its shapes and forms: a return to patriotism in place of cosmopolitanism: a return to rough living and hardships in place of luxury: a return to natural instincts in place of conventional prudence and artificial worldliness? (Think for a moment of all those youthful war-brides and bridegrooms, and compare their happy faith

with the rarer, meaner and more mercenary marriages of the days of our peace and our materialism.) The war has brought with it a return even to faith yet more audacious, in place of the frank unblushing secularism of two years ago: a return, a revival, of serious religion. Yes, and even sometimes in its extremer forms, even to the re-awakening of the long dormant passion in man's heart for miracle and for legend, for ghostly knights and saintly maids on horseback appearing in the battle line, as of old by the banks of Lake Regillus, by the sea-shore of Marathon; figures of St. George and St. Joan and St. Michael, the patron Saints of England, of France, and of Russia. The war in fact has made all things new again and has made natural again the things which materialism and commercialism had choked or smothered. And human nature has returned upon itself, has set up again the old primitive standards of the unspoiled races, the virtues of love and loyalty and courage. The world is impatient for the time of books and learning and intellect, in the supreme need of less self-culture and more self-sacrifice.

Books and learning, self-culture and rationalism seem now to smack of Germany where indeed were their temples and their priests. Judged by their latest fruit, these things seem as nothing or less than nothing. They seem for the moment almost a part of German "frightfulness." If rationalism is producing a reaction towards religion, or even towards irrational superstition, we owe it, as we owe our united Empire and our old-new virtues, (though we need pay no thanks therefor for the gifts were unintended by the giver) to that same Germany, which has achieved so much she never dreamed of and so little of all she schemed. The war seems a turning away from University life and all sheltered life back to human nature.

Yes, gentlemen, but the dyer's hand is subdued to what it works in and the academic sophist or philosopher who has spent his life in books and dreams and theories, cannot himself in the later reaches of the tranquil river of his peaceful life become soldier or mechanic or even farmer.

He can only go on spinning theories and quoting his ancient saws and modern instances. Yes, if it be only to kill time and soothe impatience and make the delay seem shorter, till he can get the evening papers and the next news from the front.

The real life of Canada, the real life of all of us almost in this hall is at the front to-day: the heart and soul are there and after that the body perhaps ought hardly to count. And yet we have to carry on somehow: best if we are drilling, second best if we are making munitions, third best if we are raising food. But if we can do none of these things, still carry on, though it be only in the old vain way of speculating and theorising.

And perhaps under these conditions a theorist can find after all some uses in our Universities and some defence of them, even in these years of stern realities and of war: even in these years which mark the universal breakdown of our greatest illusion—Peace.

What has been said of our Universities in the old days before the war? This often, that being British Universities and not German nor French, nor even American, (which are often quasi-German) that they held learning too low and thought too much of mere character and morale: that their students—though healthy and wholesome in mind as well as body, honest, that is, and temperate and manly and full of a certain curious and British spirit of fair-play, derived from their indulgence in athletics—yet, like the rest of their nation and of the Mother-nation, took too little account of learning and of science: acquired little or nothing of the faculty of taking pains, which is *the* genius of this world of men and of its supermen, the Germans, (as even French proverbs and British translations thereof have testified): that they were instead infected by the license of their political systems, unwilling to submit to discipline and organization: that they were too much given to free speech and free thought, too jealous of their liberty and their initiative: poor machinery in short, and second-rate instruments, round pegs in square holes and

square pegs in round holes, prolific of friction and jarring: that they were a microcosm of their own democratic institutions, which constitute only—as the Frenchman says —an apotheosis of incompetence.

Probably it was all true enough: and yet it is something on the other side, it goes some way to strike a balance and redress the rising scale, that when our Empire needed soldiers, at least its students started with the natural instincts of young men. Nature and instinct in such a case can cover a wilderness of ignorance about ancient learning, and even some deficiencies in modern science. And it is something more on the same side that the student should have become a voluntary soldier: and it is something yet more that having become a soldier he should still retain some initiative and some self reliance with which to temper a soldier's automatic discipline and his somewhat mechanical obedience to routine.

The record of our Universities with their enlistments, ten thousand from Oxford, ten thousand from Cambridge, two thousand five hundred from our old but very youthful University of Toronto, numbers in proportion, or perhaps in proportion even greater, from the infant Universities of Manitoba and the West, this record makes it easier for us to talk to-day to our critics or enemies in the gate, when they scoff at the low standards of British learning.

One cannot well have it both ways perhaps: cannot give the heart and soul to learning and yet be sure of retaining the man's wholesome instincts. The men of science of Great Britain are complaining that the British Government with its contempt for learning will not listen to its great chemists, misunderstands the question of cotton and contraband, does not appreciate the scientific side of a blockade. But these things after all presumably can be learned, if slowly, yet learned: they are of the letter of the law, not of its spirit. If the spirit of the nation and of its Universities were not sound, nothing would avail and no science would save.

But has not the enemy, objects the critic, both letter

and spirit? both science and manly instinct? In a way indeed he has, but so as to spoil both: a science wholly materialized to politics and national egotism: a manly instinct wholly obsessed with the ambition, manly enough, supermanly it may be, but unchastened and arrogant, ungenerous and unprincipled, to dominate the world. The ancient Germany which ruled the air (but not with Zeppelins in those days), which inspired men's souls and brains like ancient Greece at her best, leaving to France and Great Britain to turn men into mere soldiers or sailors, the ancient Germany is turned upside down and is become a land, unlike ancient Greece in everything now, except in its belated paganism and its out-of-date indifference to pledges and truth speaking. What in an ancient Greek—when Greek-like he broke his pledge—seems but a choleric word becomes flat blasphemy from Christian Germany: blasphemy so flat that the world is asking if it really is in any sense Christian Germany at all: or is it not rather—as certain of its own prophets have prophesied with boasting—the old Germany still of Odin, never given over except upon the surface to the new-fangled religion of Christianity, but true still to the old religion of valour, to the Odin who is older and greater than the Christian's God, to the Odin whom her forefathers worshipped before the days when the Roman Empire imported into Germany a veneer of the new religion of Christ?

At best, Germany seems to be a land of the Old Testament and not of the New: and still so unfamiliar with the New and so unsympathetic towards it, that when she saw a nation like Great Britain and France, and a continent like America, given up to peace, she could discern only the sordid side of peace and supposed that these races had become decadent, until the Marne and Verdun, until Mons and Ypres and St. Julien have suggested at last, it may be, a few unwilling doubts and unwelcome difficulties.

Can a nation really be at once pacific and humanitarian towards the world and yet resolute to defend its rights and the rights of others? Is it really possible to retain

the virtues of the Old Testament, the primary virtues of man, self-reliance and will and courage, and yet fulfil the Old with the New Testament by grafting on to these primary virtues the secondary virtues of the New Testament and of the Christian? Is it really true—that ironical fancy of the pagan Plato—that a true state can really rise to the stature of a wellbred watch dog? fearless even to aggressiveness towards intruders, yet loyal and loving to his master and sympathetic and intelligent to his master's household and his master's friends? Can a state really unite the manliness of Sparta—as Pericles and Plato wanted to do—with the humanity, intelligence and peacefulness of Athens?

I am slipping you perceive into the ancient threadbare topics of University Convocations, into the old classical references to Athens, and yet I am not leaving, I hope, the topic which concerns us all to-day, the shivering scales, wherein the fortunes of the world hang balanced and have hung for twenty-one anxious months. The ancient threadbare topics have come to life again—like all else that is real in life—since the war: the war which is Athens and Sparta fighting their old battles of long ago once again.

And that is the defence, at bottom, for the study of the humanities in a University. You want to know first—before studying extinct animals, the ichthyosaurus and the plesiosaurus, before speculating on centaurs and chimæras and the scientific truths that may lie behind these legends—what sort of a monster you are yourself, as Socrates used to say. And until you have made some sort of progress in the study of humanity and yourself, have begun in some slight fashion to know yourself, the other sciences of palæontology and zoology can conveniently wait, even though they be not so far divorced from the study of humanity, as Socrates hastily supposed. *He* would not interest himself in the minotaur of Crete, but the modern Greek scholar has dug up the minotaur in Crete and has showed us that the fabulous monster and his exploits had a very human and a real and historical

origin in the bull fights and the matadors of an ancient royal court, and in the fate of Athenian gladiators,

"butchered to make a Cretan holiday."

If a man is wholesomely objective and matter-of-fact and knows as little of himself, as most of us when we are young, he had better begin with the humanities, which is the history of ourselves writ large for our warning or encouragement.

But of course if a man or woman be naturally sensitive and susceptible and introspective, there is less reason why he or she should spend much time at a University on the humanities; for already nature has given him or her the sympathy and intelligence and thoughtfulness, which are the best gifts that the humanities can develop: and it may well be better for him and her to take up studies, more objective and impersonal.

The life without self-examination—said Socrates, the humanist,—is no life for man: on the contrary, in the modern and Christian and sensitive world at any rate, if a man has the instinct and taste for self-examination, he can easily have enough of it and may well have too much: and will be sometimes happier if he can find a hobby in the natural sciences, the sciences which leave his human nature where they found it and bring no self-consciousness with them to spoil the simplicity and unconsciousness of a wholesome, happy nature. Read your "Mark Rutherford" and digest its meaning.

But to this University of Manitoba in particular an appeal is made by the humanities and by the science of history almost more directly than to any other University, because you have the past and the parts of almost every section of Europe at your doors. Eighty languages, I am told, jostling on the streets of Winnipeg: eighty races only to be understood and therefore helped by some one who knows something of their history and languages and literatures; even if at first he only wants to know something in order that he may pardon something.

It is a mere truism that you cannot assimilate a people to a new and different civilization by a rough and ready introduction of your own civilization wholesale and at one fell swoop.

It is a mere truism that the unhappy Balkan States, for example, and Persia and Turkey and China and Mexico, have suffered almost as much from reformers in a hurry as from cynical conservatives and do-nothing Turks. But after all the Canadian or British spirit is not a thing of race or blood, which cannot be acquired and which is confined to immigrants from Great Britain or America; no, it is like Hellenism, a thing of the mind not of the race. And it *can* be acquired—like any other use of the mind, slowly yet surely by people who have no blood-affinity with it. Anglicanism is not like Deutschtum, it is not a cast iron uniformity imposed from without, it means only freedom and tolerance and fair play for all lawful native and natural instincts, that each may come to its own appropriate flower and fruit under free institutions, and show what it can do; and ultimately, it is to be presumed, in the far off future the flowers and fruit will be all the richer for the diversity of root, that is of race and instinct, out of which they have sprung.

"To think in English"—if this be so—is not a mere synonym with speaking English: it is much more, though also sometimes it may be something less. It was not the Greek language, so much as the Greek spirit, which conquered Romans and even Jews: and later, at the Renaissance, again conquered Europe, and probably helped in some measure directly and indirectly to the discovery of America.

And if British civilization is a thing of the spirit rather than of letter and language, so also, to come nearer to ourselves, is University education a thing of the spirit and not of professions or vocations. "Education for vocation" is a cry sometimes heard. I can recollect the time when four-fifths of our students in Toronto intended to become lawyers: but we never educated them for that profession:

we should have done them a poor service had we done so. Some of them say now, when their course has become a little more technical and legal, that they wish it had continued broader and more general. "Born a man and died a grocer" said the French scoffer of some one *educated for his vocation*. It would not be much less severe to say of a man, "born a man and died a doctor," or "born a man and died a lawyer." It might be more severe to say "born a man and died a professor." The Greeks said the latter fate was the worst of all: "he's either dead or—teaching" they said. And the modern satirist has only dressed their epigram in a modern dress when he translates it "those who can, do: those who can't, teach," to which some, even later, satirist has added the corollary, "and those who can't teach, teach teaching." All of which seems to mean two things, that of all University faculties pedagogy is the most difficult to turn to good account, and that even the old liberal education of the Arts Course when it is taken with a view to teaching, and as an education for vocation, loses its efficiency and its former virtue, and turns out uninspiring and uninspired teachers: just because their profession was from the first the chief prize before their shortsighted eyes.

Or is it perhaps the narrowness of a teacher's life and the narrowness of the nature which accepts a teacher's life, which provoke these scoffs against teachers: or is it not in part the special dislike of this continent for books and theories and doctrines and doctrinaires, the special alienation of this continent from pedantry and book learning, which recommends these scoffs to America and Canada?

Presumably this alienation from books is inevitable in a young country which has not yet arrived. Governesses notice it in their Canadian charges, and wish themselves back in the learned atmosphere of France by the banks of the pleasant Seine in Paris, where every other stall is an old book stall: nay, even amid the hereditary culture of Great Britain. "Please, teacher," said a small Canadian in an Ontario High School to a youthful friend and pupil

of mine, who fondly imagined she could teach her charges to think as well as memorize, "please, teacher, have I got to remember all that stuff? and is it to be part of our examination?" For myself, I find myself wondering every May whether it is mere awkwardness and indifference in the use of English, which permits my pupils to translate from Greek into something which is English certainly taken word by word, but is not even grammar, and still less sense. I hardly think it is merely inexperience in the use of English: it is rather, I believe, a much deeper and more profound delusion, a more damnable heresy: it is an unconscious and radical presupposition that the Greeks and Romans meant nothing when they wrote and just wrote "clotted nonsense," such as no one need try to relate to its several parts and translate rationally into a coherent argument, for coherent argument was never there: why, it must have been written originally in Greece just in order to exercise the memory of barbarian children in later generations and in order to develop in them the unhappy art (*curiosa infelicitas*) of memorizing balderdash: which art no doubt can most easily be acquired by buying and memorizing the cheapest and worst cribs. Of the modern Albanians and of their ancient kinsfolk, the Homeric Greeks, it has been said by Plato and others: "They cannot read and therefore they possess the gift of memory." But Canadian children have defeated the wisdom of Nature and her beneficent compensations: they *can* read, and therefore rather than be bothered with thinking for themselves, they will memorize some other person's thoughts, and if they are obscured by a foreign language, will take them at third hand in a bad translation. Memory in the old days took the place of books: to-day it takes the place of thought, a much worse use of it. Few humiliations are more humiliating to an examiner than to meet again in May his own phrases served up confidently to him, raw, uncooked, undigested, unassimilated, unrelated. But it is the very acme of humiliation when the notes have been taken down wrong, or have become illegible, and reappear

with just the wrong word added and just the right word missing, so that they can no longer be either right or wrong, but are simply meaningless gibberish, as unintelligible and much less musical than the twitterings of the birds. A translation or an answer which shows that the writer is not thinking at all, only parroting some abracadabra, some cabiric mysteries, is heartbreaking indeed.

For education after all is only thought: every man and woman is either self educated or never educated at all: and the chief discipline of a foreign language, the chief and only immense advantage it has over English, is that it almost forces an intelligent reader to think, and to think hard, and to think logically in the act of translation, "*this passage means something, it is not rubbish, I must puzzle it out.*"

That is the humble origin whence education comes. You can read English on the other hand unconsciously, and hardly notice whether what you read is good or bad, or even has any meaning at all. In translating from *Greek, Latin, French and German,* every one, *except some youthful unbelievers in Canada, assumes, at the outset, that the writer was sane and wanted to say something.* The effort to find out what he wanted to say is a real effort of intelligence and imagination and a real birth of thought. "Ye must be born again" was the whole gospel of Socrates. He meant, of course, intellectually not morally: he was the apostle of intellect, not of character.

But after all there is a close parallel always between the Greek gospel of intellect and the Christian of character, and the spiritual law of Christianity appears beforehand in the intellectual world of Hellenism. If only students would apply those words of the New Testament, "he that saves his life shall lose it and he that loses it for My sake shall save it," to their intellectual lives also, and would only translate them, "he that saves his examination—reads only for it—shall lose it; and he that loses his examination for the sake of Truth and Knowledge—he who reads freely and gladly, without thinking of examination—shall save his examination," we should not as a nation dislike and

distrust books so much as we do, for we should be less obsessed with examinations and vocations and similar material and commercial preoccupations: and we should gradually acquire—preposterous, extravagant, chimerical though this promise may seem—a real pleasure in reading great literature, even in Greek and Latin and French and German.

When the President of this University was a student of the classics at Toronto he had the gift of seeing the new in the old, of jumping the ages, of giving a modern version to an old tag: sometimes that shocks pedantic people, young and old. I have heard of a youthful student of my College in Oxford who was scandalized to hear his lecturer quote Bernard Shaw in a lecture on Aristotle's Poetry: "I call that playing it pretty low," he said.

That conventional reverence for the past, that false and unintelligent separation of the ages, of the clever man of one age from the same man of another, that is the very spirit which ultimately destroys or obscures Aristotle's right to be heard on Poetry or any other subject. That youthful student in Oxford was of the same mental stuff and make-up as the anatomist in Venice in the middle ages, who said that really if he could only believe his eyes, he would suppose from his autopsies that the nerves centred in the brain. But Aristotle had already settled the question by deciding in favor of the heart. That false and conventional deference to Aristotle has produced inevitably by natural reaction the equally false and now to-day the equally conventional indifference to Aristotle, which began with that typical Englishman, Sir Francis Bacon, who, if he had only known it, was an English Aristotle and a very congenial spirit, in reality, with the Bacon of Stagirus.

If it were for this reason only, that education can develop a full mind and wide interests and so give a man a hold on life still, when other holds have slipped from him and his personal career, it may be, has come to nothing and has failed, if it were for this cause only, a University justifies itself.

Life is a tragedy to those who feel—said the English critic—a comedy to those who think. If it be only then to preserve the capacity for seeing the comedy and the humours of life, if it be only to distract attention from its tragedy—especially from the personal and individual side of that tragedy—the thoughtfulness of the educated man, of Aristotle or Sir Francis, justifies itself. It would have gone hard with Sir Francis especially if he had been engrossed with the personal tragedy of his own career.

But God forbid—I hear a voice saying—God forbid that the University should turn out academic satirists and scoffers and comedians who see only the vanities and absurdities of human nature and ambition, and only laugh at human effort: should turn out academic cynics, such as are to mark the latter days of this strayed planet—according to the Prophet of the Epistle to Timothy—men without natural affection, who have no feelings left to be touched with man's infirmity and life's tragedy: men without a country, without a family, without a religion: just laughing philosophers.

Don't be alarmed, gentlemen, the prophecy in the Epistle to Timothy (II. 3, 3) is a warning meant for those who *only* think and *never* feel. It concerns only those who live their whole lives in the University atmosphere, who are not birds of passage there as you are. Let the Professors look to themselves. It is to *them* that warning is addressed. And they were warned long before in words hardly less significant by the prophet of ancient Greece. "It is an awful thing, Socrates," says Callicles in Plato's Gorgias, "for a man to live his whole life in a University. He spends his days whispering in a corner of life's banquet hall with a handful of immature boys and girls and he misses all that makes life life: the market-place and banks and law courts, the language which man speaks to man, the thoughts which live men think. Education is a splendid discipline but a lamentable vocation; it plays the mischief with a man who lingers there too long." Let the Professors, I repeat, see to this. I am speaking not to them—they are

a negligible quantity—but to the ordinary student, of what the University can do for *him* and *her*. *He* is in no danger, still less is she, of seeing comedy only, and of turning life into a satirist's jest: he is sure to find tragedy as well as comedy, side by side, and probably even, like Socrates at the Athenian dinner table, when the dull dawn was breaking and the rest of the company were under the table or too sleepy to understand him, he will expect to find them—unlike the practice of the dramatists of Athens but like the practice of Shakespeare—within the limits of the same drama and within the covers of the same book; at any rate he will find them bound up together in the same single volume of his own life.

Education—says Aristotle, to return from this digression—is the *rattle* of youth: it amuses youth, that is, and keeps it out of mischief, even as the infant's rattle helps to kill time for the infant amid the ennui of his nursery. It is the rattle of youth, and the anodyne of maturity and age, and this quite apart from the fact, which another Greek sophist and professor has elaborated, that education also incidentally provides an honest living—bread and sometimes a taste of cheese—for the teacher or lecturer himself, that is for a peculiarly inoffensive and unobstrusive set of persons, who otherwise might go without either, not being very practical.

This may seem a somewhat low or even grovelling point of view which Aristotle and Isocrates, with characteristic Greek meiosis or litotes or irony, have set forth in defence of their profession. If it seem so, Aristotle is prepared to strike a louder note. When people talk, he says, of settling life's problems by providing for every man three acres and a cow, or three square meals a day, they miss the ultimate problem (though three acres and a cow would settle the immediate political and industrial problems). Life is not made insoluble only by the struggle for bread. Arrange for the bread and you will find some men demanding cheese or even champagne: arrange even for these exacting spirits and still the problem is not solved. There are

ambitions still more soaring: there are exacting minds no less than bodies. There are soldiers and demagogues and millionaires: minds which demand power, leadership, conquest, world-domination or downfall—like the mind of my pupil Alexander (one may overhear Aristotle saying *sotto voce*), and for ambitions of the Alexandrian type, there is one and only one recipe—education. Here is the cheap and chief defence of nations. (Aristotle as a Greek naturally finds his cheap and chief defence of nations in intellect rather than character.) Let such a man plunge into a library or a University, into the world of thought. Here he will find worlds to be conquered, which are renewed as fast as conquered, which never will be conquered all of them, or nearly all: which leave behind no feeling of disgust and satiety when conquered, only the thirst for new worlds to conquer. And most of all and best of all here is a field where the conqueror injures no one, interferes with no one by his conquests, but benefits rather his community and his age both positively by serving it, and negatively by avoiding politics and public life and that glamour of leadership which turns a man's ambitions into dangerous channels. He that looks at public life as a necessary evil, even when he patriotically participates for the State's sake in it; he that has an ambition behind these things and above them, an ambition which retains his first love and his best thoughts—one is almost bound to think of Mr. Gladstone or of Mr. Balfour—the ambition to think and know, he alone is the man in whom first rate powers of mind and soaring ambitions injure no one, nor even disgust and disillusion himself.

The real remedy for life's troubles is neither bread nor champagne, but Universities.

I have expanded Aristotle of course a little, but in any case it is only an echo from Plato and an anticipation of Pascal. "The worst evils of life arise," says the Frenchman, "because men cannot sit still in a room and be happy": but they can perhaps be happy if the room be a library or a laboratory, or better still, be one of nature's

libraries and laboratories, a mountain range for the geologist and mineralogist, a flower garden or a western prairie for the botanist. Aristotle was at heart, in spite of all his studies in history, politics, ethics, philosophy and poetry, even in a greater degree a student of natural history and natural science and a collector: though he certainly never exalts these sciences and contrasts them with the humanities in our later, narrower and meaner fashion. He was nearer in temperament to Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, physician and moralist, than to our lopsided specialists.

This is what University education can help a man to do for himself. A University is not a religion, a church or a home. It can not often do the best things, create character by influence and example. It is only a Greek sort of church, or a Greek sort of religion: the Greek church in the sense of the church of pagan Greece: the church of the cultivation of the intelligence: a church in which all moral terms are taken up and translated into intelligence and are expressive of thought, instead of expressive of will and character—"dear head" the Greeks said when we say "dear heart." The good man in a University class is what the good man was to Thucydides often, and to Plato generally, the man of intellect or scholarship, or the shrewdest wit, or the best speaker, or even the best manipulator of men, the best statesman or the cleverest coiner of catch words, the happiest phrase-maker, the smartest politician. You won't find the word "good" often used in University circles in its merely ordinary or moral sense, of the will and character, to denote the most honest man or the most charitable, or the most temperate, or the most humble; least of all, the most humble. But if the University gives this specially ancient and Pagan sense to the word "good," if "goodness" means excellence of mind, superiority of intellect or of force, rather than the acquired virtues of the will, which are called "good" in our private life and in our churches, if the University is a Pagan church and not identical with the Christian church, if it even conspicuously falls short at times in developing such very recent and

Christian virtues as humility (which was to the Greeks part of the gospel's foolishness), nevertheless, gentlemen, the University does much for the man himself and for the State, which no other organization—not even the home or the churches—can do.

But to come nearer home and to run from education in general to this University in particular, you have some advantages in the West here and in Saskatoon and Edmonton which we miss much in Toronto. Your Faculty of Agriculture is in much closer connection with the other Faculties: that means much for you. The Faculty of Agriculture gives this University opportunities of original research which are not possessed by the Universities of Ontario in the same degree. Students who desire to prosecute original research in other departments will perhaps naturally go East; but those who are satisfied to pursue it in Agriculture can do it in close touch with the University; and after all, Agriculture is the Faculty in which original research for Canadians is most natural and most beneficent.

You can do here in your own University the same sort of work done in Ottawa and in Guelph, the work by which the Experimental Farm and the Agricultural College have earned a reputation for Canada all over the continent and beyond it, and whereby the wheat area of the Dominion —the chief commercial asset of the Dominion—is being constantly extended. Until Canadians showed what they could do at St. Julien, their agricultural colleges were their only title to fame in European eyes.

Original research in some subjects is something of a superstition and a delusion, but in this department it is unmixed good. For in the new and natural sciences and in medicine, and most of all in the Canadian Science, in the Science of Agriculture, there is a virgin land in every sense, literal and metaphorical, to be explored, in explorations equally interesting to the explorer and beneficial to his country. It is an advantage to you to have this beneficent Faculty so closely allied to your University. The evils of Industrialism amd Commercialism lie heavy on

the old world already, and even are beginning to lie heavy on young Canada. One of the few antidotes and palliatives —the easiest and most obvious—to these evils, lies in a return to the land, in the resumption, I had almost said, of man's only lawful occupation. It is one of the conspicuous advantages of this University that you can hardly shut your eyes as we are tempted to do in Toronto to the Faculty of Agriculture.

MSH 20950

END OF
TITLE